THE

DOUBLE TRAITOR

ROASTED:

A NEW

SCOTS OPERA.

As it was Acted

By a Select Company of Comedians,

NEAR

WESTMINSTER-HALL.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR, M. DCC. XLVIII.

TO THE

LADIES

IN GENERAL.

Much Honoured, and Dearly Beloved,

I Know you love a Bit of Meat when it's well Roaſted. I have Cook'd this as well as I could. And if it be done to pleaſe

 you,

you, eat, drink, and be merry. But if you think it overdone, caſt it to the Dogs and welcome.

I am, yours,

WILLY *the Cook.*

AN

EPISTLE

TO THE

AUTHOR.

Dear Willy,

I HAVE ſhewn your Roaſt-Beef to many of my Acquaintance, and ſome of them are of Opinion, That Mr. *Gunner* is S——y *M*——y himſelf, the very *Judas* you ſeem to repreſent, in Diſguiſe; and that the *Writer* of *Edinburgh* is a *Chelſea* Penſioner. But all agreed, that you had two very merry Evenings, and a Morning; and that thou thyſelf art an Original: And therefore deſire that you will conſent to publiſh it, that ſuch curious Anecdotes may not be loſt.

Yours, &c.

Mifriend.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Gunner *of* Plymouth.

Writer *of* Edinburgh.

Landlord.

Three more in Company.

Dæmon.

Seven Infernals.

A Set of Informers.

Meſſenger, *and a* Premier Clerk.

An Evening Converſation between a certain Gunner, *and a* Writer *in* Edinburgh.

SCENE *a publick private Houſe in* Weſtminſter.

Gunner *and three more of them in Company, and a Bowl of Punch before them.*

Enter Writer.

Writer.

YOUR Servant Gentlemen *omnes.*

Gunner. A *Scots* Writer, by the Lord, for they cannot ſpeak without a Screed of *Latin.*

Writer. I own it is a little pedantick; but ſtill it graces Diſcourſe when properly applied.

Gunner. Will you pleaſe to ſit down and take a Glaſs of Punch with us?

Writer. *Contentibus*, quoth *Tommy Tomſon.* —— And ſo, Gentlemen, here's an odd Health to you.

Gunner.

Gunner. What do you mean by an odd Health, Sir.

Writer. Is not the firſt odd, and the ſecond even, and be belted to you.

Gunner. Well, Sir, ſince you're ſuch a merry Wagg, I was juſt going to ſing a Tarr's Song when you came in; for, as you muſt know, I am a Gunner of *P——h*, I am often in Company with Gentlemen of the Navy, and they ſing nothing but Tarr Songs.

Writer. Let's have one then, and I'll make you amends as well as I can with a *Scots* Rant.

Gunner ſings.

You muſt not be faint-hearted
In Hurricane, blow, or ſnow,
Nor think for to ſhrink
When the ſtormy Winds do blow.

Writer. Ah Lord, if S——ry *M——y* were here, he'd ſwear this was a Rub on him; becauſe, you know, as he was a falſe Stateſman,

And if you ſpeak of Vice or Bribe,
It's ſo pat to all their Tribe,
Each cries, it was levell'd at me.

—— And you know Falſhood is always a Sign of Faint-heartedneſs.

Gunner.

Gunner bluſhes and pauſes.

Writer. *Quid rei*, Mr. Gunner, *quid tibi dolet.*

Gunner. (*recovers*) I thought we ſhould have the other Screed of *Latin.* —— Come, take your Glaſs, and give us your *Scots* Song.

Writer ſings,

He was a truſty Soldier,
And true to his King.
He had a Piſtol by his Side,
And a weel ganging Loom,
And I'll over boggy, &c.

Gunner. Thank you, Sir; but you miſſed your Glaſs.

Writer. Conſcience I can drink no more, without ſomething to reliſh our Liquor. I wiſh the Boy would go for a few Olives for me to the Oil-Shop over the Way.

Gunner. You'd better ſend your Name, and they will ſend you what is good.

Writer. Good faith, I'm afraid to tell my Name before the Gunner of *P*——, leſt he ſhould fire a falſe Gun at me, as S————y *M*——y did to poor L—— *L*——*t.*

Landlord. A Broad-ſide by Lord *Harry.*

Gunner bluſhes and bites his Lip.

Writer. What, are you a Painter as well as a Gunner?

Gunner. What do you mean by that, Sir?

Writer. Becauſe you mix Colours ſo nicely. ——*Quomodo vales nunc mi puer?*

Gunner. Damn your *Latin* and *Engliſh* too———Give us t' other *Scots* Song.

Writer. O but by the bye, when do you expect his Majeſty home.

Gunner. Every Day.

Writer ſings and dances.

Carle, when the King comes,
Carle, when the King comes.
I ſhall dance, but you ſhall ſwing,
Carle, when the King comes.

Gunner. Well done, my Blood.

Writer. Your Blood, you Dog; if there were a Drop of it in my Veins, I'd let it out.

Gunner. For what?

Writer. Becauſe you damn'd my *Latin*, you Chandler chafted Whelp.

Company. Don't quarrel, let's have a friendly Chat.

Writer. Well, —— but when all's done, this *London* is a monſtrous Place —— and a World of fine Things in it. —— The other Day a Friend of mine took me to an Auction, and ſpeaking of Painting lately put me in mind of it. —— There was Painting, if you talk of Painting. ——Tho' God knows my

my Heart, I could purchaſe none — but I caſt my Eyes upon a Piece that took my Fancy. Oh, how my Heart yearned for a few Guineas to buy it. — It repreſented an old grave Man, with a blue Robe, and a long white Beard. However, a Gentleman at my right Hand bought it; and when it was ſet aſide for him, I uſed the Freedom to aſk him, begging his Pardon, whoſe Picture it was: He told me, *St. Luke*. Says I, was not he a Painter. Yes, ſays he. Lord, ſays I, I wonder if ever he drew *Judas Iſcariot*'s Picture. Why do you aſk that, ſays he. Becauſe, ſays I, if he did not, let *M——y* ſit, and his Pictnre will do for both very well.

Company. When will you give over your Mirth, Lawyer?

Writer. When my Conſcience is as black as *M——y*'s.

Gunner. What do you think he would ſay, if he was to hear you?

Writer. I ſuppoſe he would ſay I was the D——l's Deputy, ſent to torment him before the Time.

Gunner. I wiſh you would take yourſelf away.

Writer. I think I have been too long with you. There's my Crown.

Landlord. You ſha'n't indeed.

Writer, By *Jupiter* I will,

Landlord. By *Jove* you ſha'n't.

Writer. By *Mars*, *Venus*, and *Apollo*, I will.

Gunner. As I hope to be ſaved you ſha'n't.

Writer. As I hope you'll be h——d I will.

Throws it down, and goes.

Second Evening's Converſation.

SCENE *the Landlord's Bed-chamber.*

Gunner *and* Landland, *by themſelves.*

Gunner.

STAB my Vitals, Landlord, if I would not give a Noble to find out that ſanguine *Scots* Writer's Name, that was with us laſt Night.

Landlord. If we had but another Even-ing's Converſation with him, we ſhall ſqueeze it out of him; and, with Submiſſion to your ſuperior Invention, I think (as he ſeems to have no Knowledge of you) the beſt way will be to humour him in his way of think-ing, with reſpect to yourſelf.

Gunner. Rat it, Man. — But don't you remember, he ſaid he was the D——l's De-puty. Mercy grant he may not bring his Maſter with him.

Enter

Enter Dæmon, *in a proper Habit, with ſeven Heads, and ten Horns.*

Dæmon. Your Maſter, Gentlemen *ambo.*

Gunner. The Devil indeed (*Shakes, trembles, and falls into a Swoon*)

Dæmon. I'll ſoon quicken him with ſome of my Spirits.

Landlord. In the Name of *London*, from whence come you.

Dæmon. From the Regions below, upon ſure and certain Information, that *M——ry* is to take Poſſeſſion of my Dominions in a few Weeks, which is ſo powerful an Ejectment againſt me, that no Writ of Error can be brought againſt it.

Seven unclean Spirits, with Torches in their Hands, raiſe up the Gunner.

Gunner. Yaul, Y——l, Y——l.

Landlord. I wiſh you would depart from my Habitation, good Mr. *Dæmon.*

Dæmon. To oblige you I will; but I'll ſend my Deputy. [*Goes.*

Gunner. I thought the Devil was terrible indeed; but he's a Beauty, compared to my ſcarlet-colour'd crimſon Iniquity; and Hell itſelf muſt be a gorgeous Palace, compared with the preſent Situation of my Mind —— Y——l,

Y—l, Y—l, — Terror ſurrounds me— Y—l, Y—l, —— Horror confounds me. But who comes from yonder, — the Lawyer by my Falſhood.

Enter Writer.

Writer. What, all in Confuſion, Mr. *Gunner.*

Gunner. Oh! oh! oh!

Writer. I thought it would be ſo. (*ſings*)

The Devil run o'er Jack Webſter, *home came Hell,*
When I uſed M—y *worſe than Tongue could tell.* [*Goes.*

Next Morning's Converſation.

SCENE *The Writer's Office.*

The Lawyer placed in his Elbow Chair.

Enter Landlord *and* Gunner.

Landlord.

GOOD Sir, we come to wait upon you, for your Opinion in an Affair of fatal and final Importance.

Writer. Go to the Devil, and I'll wait upon you preſently. [*Go.*

By the Way.

Gunner. O Landlord, I am afraid there is no Mercy for me; but why ſhould he deſire you to go to the Devil with me.

Landlord. You did not underſtand him. There's a Tavern at *Temple-Bar*, called the *Devil*. That's what he meant.

Gunner.

Gunner. Thank you for your Explication. I'll go with you there with all my Heart.

The Tavern, and a Bottle of Wine before them.

Landlord. Well, Mr. *Gunner*, it will be in vain to ſpeak to this Lawyer without a moſt generous Fee.

Gunner. What muſt I give him.

Landlord. Half the Cheſt Money at leaſt.

Gunner. What 15000 Nobles.

Landlord. There's no Help for it.

Enter Lawyer.

Writer. Well, Gentlemen, what are your Commands with me?

Gunner. (*Gives him a Bank Note for* 15000 *Nobles with one Hand, and a long Memorial with the other*) Gracious Sir, your ſpeedy Anſwer, I humbly pray.

Writer. (*With his Glaſs reads the Bank Note, and ſays*) This is a very pretty Hand, write it who will.—I ſhall read your Memorial directly.

Landlord. Will you be pleaſed to drink a Glaſs before you begin, Sir.

Writer. Excuſe me, I never drink before Dinner —— (*opens the Memorial, lays down*

his Reading Glaſs, and ſays) —— This Caſe, *prima facie*, ſeems to be ſo clear, that I think I can read it without a Glaſs.

Gunner. I like that *Latin* better than yeſterday's a great deal.

Writer. (*Reads it to the End, and then ſays*) —— Good Mr. *Gunner*, having moſt maturely conſidered your Caſe, together with the Contents of the Paper you put into my right Hand, I am of opinion, that there is ſtill *locus penitentiæ* for you.

Gunner. O ſweet *Latin*, *ornat Latin*, *Cicero* himſelf could not exceed it. But, gracious, good Sir, how ſhall I find the Way to *locus penitentiæ?*

Writer. Turn your Head into Waters, and your Eyes into Fountains of Tears; confeſs without Reſerve; pray without Hypocriſy; and reſtore *in integrum*; and then *locus penitentiæ* will open its Gates to you; and afterwards, peradventure, the Porter of Mercy will let you enter in at the ſtrait Gate.

Gunner. (*Tips the Lawyer with* 100 *Nobles in a Purſe, and ſays*) — Dear Sir, begging your Pardon for this Freedom, I thought yeſterday that you was an infernal Miſſionary; but now, to my great Comfort, I find you are a celeſtial one. ——

And

And to be ſtill freer with you, I got two of theſe Purſes from Lord *Harry* ſome Time ago, and you are welcome to the other.

Writer. That is too much, Mr. *Gunner:* But as your Generoſity is a certain Fruit of Repentance, I will accept of the Purſe: — But I inſiſt upon returning you ſome back. (*Takes a Noble out of the* 100, *and returns it to the Gunner.*)

Gunner. I beg, Sir, you will keep it.

Writer. Excuſe me, Sir, — I cannot in Conſcience. ——— I abhor Covetouſneſs. (*Sings*)

Some delight in Cards and Dice,
And others in Backgammon-O;
But my Delight's in the yellow Flower,
The Colour of my Money-O.
Oh, my charming Money-O!
My darling Idol Money-O!
I care not where my Client does go,
Since I've got all his Money-O.

(*Aſide*) Except the odd Noble ſo generouſly returned; —— and yet, methinks, I was a Fool, I wiſh I had kept it: — But as it is gone, Chriſtian Patience is the only Remedy. (*Sings*)

Thanks to the Gods, becauſe they taught me
How to bear with Patience.
I was haſty, fretful, angry,
Wanting more Experience.
But Thanks to the Gods, becauſe they taught me
To bear all with Patience.

Gunner. Pray, Sir, let me impoſe one ſingle Glaſs of Wine on you. — It is now Afternoon.

Writer. Well, Mr. *Gunner*, I will. You juſt make me do what you pleaſe. But I muſt have a few Olives to reliſh it.

Satan *re-enters. The* Gunner *tempting him to betray the Lawyer.*

Gunner. Sir, I have heard it is a Saying in your Country, that three Things are always lucky; and if you will only drink three Glaſſes, I will preſume no further on your Complacency.

Writer. Ha, Mr. *Gunner*, you ſeem to know my weak Side.

Gunner.

Gunner. (*aſide*) I believe I ſhall work the Name out of him at laſt.

Here, Boy, go to the Olive Shop, and fetch a Plate of Olives, and tell them it is for Mr. ———, Sir, your Name (if you pleaſe.)

Writer. Sir, my Name is *Book.*

Gunner. Do you hear, Boy, tell them it is for Mr. *Book* the Lawyer. —— (*Takes a Glaſs, and ſays*) —— Sir, Here's long Life, and Health to enjoy your Name. I know a great many Families of your Name. Pray, Sir, may I be ſo bold as to ask which of the Families you are of.

Writer. I am a Deſcendant of the *Cottonian* Library.

Gunner. (*aſide*) Damn his Art. ——— However, I've got hold of his Name, and I have ſent for Captain *W——r*, and one of the Clerks of the ——— Office, to conſult with them, if any thing can be made of this Converſation. — Lo there they come, with a Meſſenger with them.

Enter theſe three.

Gunner. Gentlemen, there's your Priſoner —— (*Meſſenger going to take hold of the Lawyer — Clerk ſtops him.*)

Clerk.

Clerk. Stay, ſtay, I've known the Gentleman a great many Years, and that he is as well affected to the Government as any Subject his Majeſty has. —— But he will have his Joke. —— And ſo, Gentlemen, you may all go about your Buſineſs.

(*All go, and the Lawyer ſings*)

Fie, let's all to the Bridal, *&c.*

FINIS.